

# The Tragedie

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,  
To cut off those that haue offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,  
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?

*Cla.* My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage.

1. Thy brothers loue, the deuill, and thy fault,  
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.

*Cla.* Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,  
I am his brother, and I loue him well:

If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,  
And I will send you to my brother Glocester,  
Who will reward you better for my life,  
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2. You are decei'd, your brother Glocester hates you.

*Cla.* Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,  
Go you to him from me.

*Am.* I, so we will.

*Cla.* Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,  
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme?  
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,  
He little thought of this diuided freindship,  
Bid Glocester thinke of this and he will weepe.

*Am.* I, milstones, as he leifond vs to weepe.

*Cla.* O, do not slander him for he is kinde,

1. Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiust thy selfe,  
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.

*Cla.* It cannot be: for when I parted with him,  
He hudge me in his armes, and swore with sobs,  
That he would labour my deliuerie.

2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee  
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.

1. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

*Cla.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,  
To counsell me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?

Ah sirs consider he that set you on

To do this deed, will hate you for this deede,

of Richard

2 What shall we do?

*Cla.* Relent and saue your

1 Relent, tis cowardly and v

*Cla.* Not to relent, is bea

My friend, I spie some pittie in

Oh If thy eye be not a flattere

Come thou on my side and en

A begging Prince, what begger

1 I thus, and thus: if this w

He chop thee in the malmesey

2 A bloodie deede, and desp

How faine like Pilate would I

Of this most gricuous guiltie

1 Why dost thou not hel

By heauens the Duke shall kn

2 I would he knew that I ha

Take thou the fee, and tell him

For I repent me that the Duke

1 So do not I, goe coward a

Now must I hide his body in t

Vntill the Duke take order f

And when I haue my meed I

For this wil out, and here I m

*Enter King, Quee*

*King.* So, now I haue done

You peeres cont rue this vni

I every day expect an Emba

From my Reddeuer, to redee

And now in peace my soule sh

Since I haue set my friends at

Rivers and Hastings, take each

Dissemble not your hatred, sw

*Ri.* By heauen my heart is

And with my hand I scale my

*Hast.* So thriue I as I swear

*King.* Take heed you dally

Least he that is the supreme K

Confound your hidden fall

Either of you to be the other